## A 1915 :: WINTER SONG.

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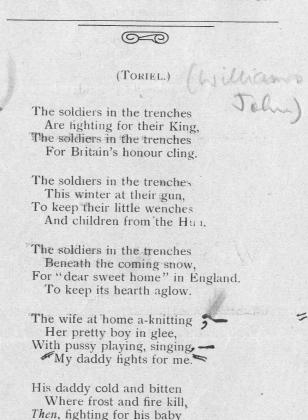
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## A 1915 WINTER SONG.



Who blames the little children, That dig their trench, at play, When their daddies, yonder Are shell'd at in the fray.

Like death on yonder hill.

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Who blames their pretty singing-A "Tipperary song,"

For dreaming but of fighting And soldiers the day long.

The soldiers in the trenches, The children small in bed; The soldiers in the trenches

Where fathers brave are bled.

The soldiers in the trenches,— The snow upon the ground;

The blizzard in the treates rushes Where death springs howing round.

The soldiers in the trenches,— How faithful there they stand, The soldiers in the trenches,—

The flower of the land !

The soldiers in the trenches, Their trials who can tell?

Our soldiers, O, our soldiers ! Who will not love them well.

Ah! winter in the trenches, Beneath the tearful stars! Beneath the shivering branches,

Beneath the sway of Mars.

The groaning of the wounded ! The wailing of the wind ;

Where Odin,—scorpion-footed, Strikes terror in the mind.

O! mothers kind and tender, And damsels fare of form, Knit something for the winter To keep the soldier warm.

If it is just a trifling,

You have to give away,— Give it,—you'll find a blessing

For helping in your way.

If Tommy likes a "Daily," Or just a verse in praise, We must send all for Tommy, That winters neath the skies.

If Tommy likes his *Franklyn*, Or likes his Cigarrette, He must have these for comfort Behind Beneath the parapet.

> You men that cannot wonder To fight the alien there, Do your little here At home, and play your share.

Each one must be a warrior, The way he can afford ; One fighting with his riches, Another with the sword.

The bard with moral weapons, And shafts from out the soul; (What influence and power Bud in the poet-scroll)

But O! our dear soldiers, Face to face wigh the foc, Their praise I'll touch with music Where ever I may go.

The soldiers in the trenches, There faithful at their gun, To keep their little wenches And children from the Hun.

The soldiers in the trenches,— To each all honour be, God bless their homes and efforts, England And Land</u> and Liberty.

Seven Sisters, Nov., 1915.